

## Aquatic by Rollyzen

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**Summary:**

Day 5 of October: Aquatic

Just add water. That was it. That was ALL it took, and it pissed Billy off to no end. Knowing this, it wasn't hard to imagine him back in California. There was seclusion there that Hawkins, Indiana didn't have. It was safe to go into the ocean and stay. But in this dumpy town? No way. The first time Billy decided to take a dip into the water he had to be found out by Steve Fucking Harrington- Pretty Boy extraordinaire.

## Aquatic

The thing about being a merman was that you couldn't talk about it. It was frustrating to him when he was younger because people would get it *wrong*. Billy wanted to correct the kids in his class all the time because they were *dumb*. Mermaid tails were *longer* than that, Sam. Not *all* mermaids could sing well, Chris. Boy mermaids are *mermen*, Alexandria. It was exhausting.

Billy and his mom would go to the beach all the time when she was alive, said the ocean always felt better than a pool. Now, lazing about in the quarry, he could understand why. There was no variety in the water. It was still. However, considering his shitty circumstances, it was pretty damn good. There was at least enough room to uncurl and dash about in the water, give his muscles a workout. The only light out came from the full moon and the stars. Billy secretly thought the night sky was really pretty in Hawkins. So, of course, it had to be ruined by Steve Harrington *catching* him stargazing while floating around in the quarry fish-style.

"Hargrove?" Steve yelled.

Billy wanted to drown himself, which was extremely hard considering he could he could breathe underwater. He dived under anyways with a half-baked plan to wait Steve out. His hair stayed suspended around him while he tried to stay still under the water. It wasn't long until he ran into a problem. He could only hold his breath for about ten minutes. Just as he was thinking about popping up for air, Billy heard a disturbance in the water. He rolled his eyes.

Harrington *would* find a canoe.

Billy swam closer in the direction of the canoe and looked up at it. Steve was really clumsy at paddling. He knocked the stick on the boat every time he switched sides. With an embarrassing lack of deliberation, Billy swam directly underneath it and swayed it. Even through the water he could hear Steve's shouting and scrambling. He hadn't been trying to get him to *fall in*. That was all Harrington. Billy had apparently overestimated his coordination skills. His lungs started burning, and, resigning himself to his fate, he broke the

surface.

He flicked his hair out of his face while he watched Steve sputter and cough.

"Alright there, Harrington?"

Steve spun around so quickly he bobbed his head and got a mouth full of water.

"Billy?! I thought you *drowned*, you asshole!" He shrieked.

Billy wiped his face of the water Steve splashed at him.

"Obviously not."

He brushed his tail against Harrington's jean clad legs and watched him jump.

"*Something touched me, holy shit. Billy, move it. Help me turn this canoe over.*" Steve had paled considerably.

He rolled his eyes again and pushed the canoe away, ignoring the shout of his name.

"It's *me*, Harrington."

He scoffed, "You are over *there*. Seriously, I'm gonna pass out. Let's go."

"So I wouldn't be able to do *this*?"

Billy wrapped his tail around his hips and pulled him in front of him. Steve shrieked.

"Can you *not* sound like a twelve year old at all times?"

Steve ignored him and reached his hands under the water. Billy jolted at the warm hands on his scales, cheeks warming.

"That's you?"

His fingers smoothed down the scales.

"Yeah." He said, suddenly breathless.

"Slimy."

Billy pursed his lips, "Naturally."

Steve's mouth ticked up on one side humorously, "Wow, mermaid Billy is so much nicer than regular Billy. Can you stay like this all the time?"

He leaned in close and smiled, all teeth- like a shark.

"You sure about that?"

And pulled him under with his tail. Billy laughed when Steve popped up again sputtering, letting his tail slide off his legs.

"No. I take it back. You're still a jerk."

Harrington's fingers grazed his hip under the water.

"Like me better when I can mop the court with you, Pretty Boy?" He pushed himself a touch closer.

"You need to learn how to be a team player." Steve said.

"And whose team would I be playing for?"

Steve's face colored as he moved closer.

"Mine, of course."

Steve tasted like chocolate.

### **Author's Note:**

Merpeople AUs are dope as heck. I usually like it when they have, like, retractable spines? Like maybe on their fins and tails and arms..so everywhere? I couldn't fit that in here but..love that.

-edit: i didn't notice before but it kinda sounds like Billy ate Steve and that is so fucking funny to me.